

5.30 a.m.

Dec. 3<sup>rd</sup> 1908.

My Precious Darling:-

I have just  
awoke from a dream, and I want  
to write this little note, just to  
beg you not to go to Chicago be-  
fore you come to Callaway.  
I have planned how we will spend  
the day, and am sure your visit  
will be more pleasant than it was  
before.

There is always thousands of  
things I leave unsaid, that I really  
wish to say when I'm down, for  
I have to keep my-self in that  
"ice box", so, I can't be natural in talk-  
ing to any one. It seems as  
though I was talking to someone  
else that the one who ~~do~~ life belongs

To,

You can never know my feelings  
Saturdays for do you know, it always  
hurts me, when I can't have one seconds  
chance to be my real self when I'm with  
my own Dearest.

Can not say just how many times  
I've read they last two "love letters". Oh, if  
we did not have the mails, we could not  
say anythings of each other, unless a  
change.

I hear mama and papa ~~are~~ more around  
so just I'd better close and get to  
work.

Don't forget me, and come to see me  
this week.

Ever yours -

Lillian,

<sup>ps</sup>  
I will be happy, if you grant my  
request to have something for you  
that I believe you would like to have. too

10-a.m

The mail has just brought  
me your welcome note. Dearest  
I love you all the time, any-  
way but notes and letters do not  
make me love you less.

Many thanks for the letters  
left on the table too.

As you all I spent all day  
in Millville yesterday <sup>and that</sup> is the reason I did not write  
you as I promised.

As ever